

RAGE

FOR MEN

**HOW GIRL GANGS
FIGHT AND LOVE**

**I WAS FLOGGED BY
RED SADISTS**

**NAKEDNESS—THE
GREATEST SEX FEAR**

APRIL
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Present Position



In the next issue of RAGE

RAGE

VOL. 1, NO. 3

APRIL, 1957



... you'll read about one of the most exciting adventures in the sagas of heroism, the story of a man who risked his life, lived through torturing hours as a live underwater captive of a giant crocodile. For chills and thrills, be sure to read "I Was Croc Bait!"



Not long ago, mention of the word "burlesque" brought to mind the one really big name in that field: the name of the blonde and sensuous Lili St. Cyr. Then, from Las Vegas, came word of her wedding, and since then, she has all but disappeared from the theatre stages and the night-club scene. For a provocative glimpse of the world behind the G-strings, don't miss RAGE's photo feature next issue, "Whatever Happened to Lili St. Cyr?"

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I work day times at the shipyard and after 4:00 P. M. I operate from my cellar and garage. I average \$10.00 to \$15.00 clear every day.—Walter Hanhy, Brockton, Mass.

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FURNISHED**



The Editors

Shoot the Breeze

THE MAIL is still rolling in on our two recent stories on rock 'n roll. The first was an outraged rap at the teen-agers' delight by jazz critic Lincoln James, who labelled rock 'n roll a spur to juvenile delinquency. The second article was a spirited defense of "the new sound" by Elvis Presley himself. As of this counting, our readers are solidly behind Presley.

Writes V. Bolender of Cincinnati: "It's a funny thing but teen-agers committed acts of juvenile delinquency way before rock 'n roll ever existed. The moral fiber of this country will not be wrecked by rock 'n roll. If it should, I'll eat these words (paper and all)."

Those are strong words, Virgil, but you'll be able to stick to meat 'n potatoes in the opinion of Mrs. Anita Salisbury (her husband reads RAGE) of Peoria, Ill. Writes she: "I say three cheers for Elvis Presley for showing some of these high-hat people who are always berating hillbillies that he could be successful, the same as anyone else."

If you too want to get into the debate, just write!

Wedge in the mail from the rock 'n rollers was one from a reader in San Francisco, California. He points out that RAGE's pictures of gorgeous females are by far the best he's ever seen in any man's magazine—and he wants more. As a way of thanking him for his kind words, we've run on this page a picture of one of the world's most beautiful girls. Meanwhile, if you have some suggestions for pictures for RAGE, why not let us know about them?

The '57 baseball season is still a way off yet, but as the hot-stove season comes to a close, here's the way our sports-writing friends see the way the teams will finish:



Sophia Loren

| NATIONAL | AMERICAN |
|--------------|-------------|
| Cincinnati | New York |
| Milwaukee | Boston |
| Brooklyn | Detroit |
| St. Louis | Cleveland |
| Philadelphia | Chicago |
| New York | Baltimore |
| Pittsburgh | Washington |
| Chicago | Kansas City |

Inside this issue of RAGE, we think, you'll find some of the most amazing stuff you've seen in a long while. Items: a picture story about Tangier and its houses of sin that will show you why Tangier is called the world's most evil city; an amazing story from Africa about a hunter who went on a search for gorillas with one of the strangest females that Africa or any other continent has ever seen; and a breathtaking report on an adventure right here in the USA—"Last Ride Through The Gorge of Death."

Each and every issue, we promise to keep up this same high standard of exciting articles and pictures that have already made RAGE the most talked-about man's magazine on the newsstands today.

So get in step and become a regular RAGE reader.

Nothing is said more often among men shooting the breeze than "I wonder whatever happened to . . ." We are no exception and so inside you'll find an interesting text-and-picture report on what has happened to Samia Gamal, the famous Egyptian belly dancer who married a Texas heir. This will be a regular series in RAGE—so look for it.

See you next month.



IMPOSSIBLE?

Of course...but do you know why?

Do you know why hair cannot be grown on a billiard ball, but it may often be regrown on a bald head? THE DIFFERENCE is out of sight, beneath the surface where you can't possibly see.

Hair grows from hair roots, medically referred to as follicles. If the billiard ball had follicles (live follicles, that is) it, too, would grow hair. But it doesn't, and in that respect it is quite comparable to some bald scalps.

Roots May Be Revitalized

Hair can often be regrown if the follicles are still alive, even on totally bald scalps. Follicles can be healthy, or they can be sick. If they are sick, they don't have much vigor and "ambition" to them, and as a result they do not produce the hair they normally do. But if they are revitalized, then they spring to life and the hair-growing process is restored.

It all depends upon the condition of the follicles. If they are dying, almost extinct, then nothing can be done. But some scalps are right on the threshold of regrowth. So-o-o close that a little energy will start them growing hair again.

Not overnight, of course. All good things take time. It takes time for a scalp to get in such a poor condition that the hair follicles can't produce hair. So it is logical that it will take time to renew those follicles.

Not by themselves, either. This is no magic formula that you sprinkle on your head whenever you think about it. You apply the Brandenfels formulas twice daily and in addition perform the pressure massage necessary for maximum results.

Microscope Shows Hair Growth



HEALTHY



BALD

Look at the drawings traced directly from photographs I've taken from my files. There they are to compare, pictures of actual sections of scalp (many times enlarged, of course). One is from a healthy scalp, actually growing hair. The other is from a bald section not growing hair, but which did grow hair with the Brandenfels Home System.

More than 20,000 reports (CPA audit), from every state in the Union and all over the free world, have come to Carl Brandenfels telling of these much appreciated benefits:

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IMPROVED SCALP CONDITIONS**

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You owe it to yourself, to your family and to your business associates to give the Brandenfels Home System a thorough trial. The important thing is to get started right now. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Your scalp always F-E-E-L-S so good afterwards!

Order Before It's Too Late

Send today for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications, with complete and easy to follow instructions.

Enclose \$18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage mailing). For United States or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20.00). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

Every day you wait may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!



BEFORE



AFTER



BEFORE



AFTER

"Doctors were unable to help my baldness so I was overjoyed at the results following use of the Brandenfels Plan." O.W.

"Fine hair filled in where it had been sparse. Just to have stopped losing hair and to have even a little more is wonderful." D.N.

RIGHT NOW!

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Most scalp applications are bactericidal—they kill bacteria outright. By this very fact they're so strong they may be hurtful to tissues. Brandenfels formulas, on the other hand, are bacteriostatic—they slow up bacterial growth until finally the micro-organisms starve—without injury to tender skin.

For 10 years the Brandenfels Home System has been bringing benefits. No one else we know of can point to such a record!

No one else shows untouched before and after pictures. Carl Brandenfels does! No one else cites bona fide medical proof of efficacy.

References: U. S. National Bank, Bank of St. Helens, Chamber of Commerce—all of St. Helens, Ore.



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☐ C.O.D. — I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

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Address _____

Town _____

Zone _____

State _____

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Dept. RAE 47
IMPORTANT

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☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
☐ Alopecia

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Purchaser agrees to pay the balance due hereunder in 35 equal monthly installments of \$4.33, and a final payment of \$4.51 which shall be payable on the 10th day of each month hereafter until paid in full, and agrees that if any payment is not made within 10 days after the date when due, Remington Rand may declare the total unpaid balance due and payable forthwith. As an alternative Remington Rand may elect to demand the immediate return of the equipment which will be delivered by the undersigned forthwith upon such demand. In the event that collection of the unpaid balance, or the return of the equipment is referred to an attorney or a collection agency, purchaser agrees to pay all collection or repossession expenses and charges in connection therewith.

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4. If renting, Name and Address of Landlord: _____
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City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____ City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
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Signature of Guarantor _____ City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
Name of bank _____ Address _____
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Account number, if any _____ Balance due? _____ City and State _____
Name _____ Address _____
Account number, if any _____ Balance due? _____ City and State _____
Name _____ Address _____
Account number, if any _____ Balance due? _____ City and State _____
PERSONAL REFERENCES:
Name _____ Address _____
City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
Name of nearest relative not living with you _____ Relationship _____
Address _____ City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
Street and Number _____ City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Less Cash and/or Trade-in Allowance — \$ 1.00
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Service Charge + \$24.13
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Harley Decoteau, Montpelier, Vt., says: "The last brace you sent me was wonderful. I have been ruptured for 30 years. I am now 36, and in 30 years, I have never been more pleased."

Stanley C. Forbes, Rockville Center, L.I., N.Y., writes: "What a Godsend it is to me now as I wear my RUP-TURE-EASER. I can sleep with it. It feels so wonderful I will more than recommend it to everybody. I am now able to go back to work."

Joseph A. Parks, Orlando, Fla., thanks us and writes: "I have five of various kinds and prices, but yours up to this time is the most satisfactory yet. Its simplicity amazes me; it is so light and comfortable on me, I don't know I have it on."

Junia Addington, Twin Falls, Idaho, writes: "I would like to have another RUP-TURE-EASER. It really has helped me. I can do practically anything with the RUP-TURE-EASER on."

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Except on C.O.D.'s

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HOW GIRL GANGS FIGHT and LOVE

One of them had a long stiletto and she was slicing up that girl with all the aplomb of a butcher . . .

By HARLAN ELLISON



MATT
BAKER

WHEN HE'S DOWN, kick for the head and groin. Never make it on the scene unless you're shanked and the blade's got six inches on a quick switch.

Avoid cops. Play it cool.

There aren't many rules in the primer for gang kids, but they all count. They're all easily understood because they use a simple philosophy: it's a stinking life, so get your kicks while you can; the gang is home, take what you want, tell them nothing—and don't get caught.

I wanted to find out how the kid gangs applied that philosophy.

But books on juvenile delinquency didn't have the answers.

To get the facts that social workers could not obtain, I ran with a kid gang, and did what they did, saw what they did, became sick at what they did. Let's call the gang I joined The Barons.

I had been in the club for two weeks. My introduction to the Barons had been in a "malt shop" called Nicky's on the one main street of the Baron's territory. From people in the neighborhood I had gathered this was the place to go if you wanted trouble.

My first meeting was as auspicious as I'd hoped. In making a path to the telephone, one of the girls, sprawled at a table, gave me a 14 carat come-on.

"I stopped picking green apples like you when I was 13, sister," I said, smiled, and went on to the telephone.

I didn't know it, but I had just taken my head in my hands. You just don't sass a gang girl. I had, and it struck a funny bone somewhere in the crowd. The joint rocked and when I came out of the booth one of the boys was remarking, "That's the first one in weeks to shut you up, Floss."

This, I figured, was a good time to make my pitch.

I kept smiling and told them I'd buy Cokes for the crowd. The "set-'em-up-for-the-crowd" routine is so old its got crutches, but it works. It worked.

After two weeks, I was a full-fledged Baron. I had the right to attend all Baron functions and blasts. I had the right to wear a Baron jacket at official affairs. I had the right to call myself a Baron and pull jobs in Baron turf.

I had the right to get myself slashed or blown open in a rumble.

Rumble noises were spreading all through lower Brooklyn as the result of a fight over a girl at a dance some weeks before.

A Flyer had found out about the dance in Baron territory and assembled his forces. One of the Flyers took over a Baron girl while her date was off tanking up on sneaky pete wine.

The other Baron girls, sometimes called the Auxiliaries, the Rockettes, the chicks, the Debs, or usually, just the broads, made a short line to the Baron, and gave him the word.

When he got back, the Flyer was dancing with his woman, and a stand was called.

A stand is when single combat

becomes necessary.

All the Barons and Flyers filed out quietly to the parking lot to watch as their two men went at it. The YMCA directors may have wondered why their dance was suddenly quiet and without participants.

Now they know. They didn't then.

The stand wasn't pretty to watch, but everything at least looked fine till the Baron pulled a zip-gun and put a .22 bullet through the Flyer's chest.

In a matter of seconds, the entire parking lot was crowded with fighting, swearing, bloodthirsty kids.

In case you've been lucky enough never to be near one, let me brief you: gang rumbles aren't pretty.

The common weapons are switch-blade knives, clubs, broken bottles, blackjacks, brass knucks and lead pipes.

But American know-how covers the gang kid, too. He has his own weapons—like the raw potato studded with half-a-dozen double-edged razor blades. Or the snapped-off radio antenna of a car, mounted on a block of wood, with a rubber band driving a lethal .22 bullet—the "zip"-gun. Or the sheath-knife, carried behind the neck in an oiled case, honed to razor-sharpness. Or the lit cigaret in the eye.

But more than that, gang warfare is typified by a callous disregard for rules of simple decency.

A cat down is a cat that can't bother you, man! Stop him! Wear Army boots, kick him in the throat, in the face, kick him where he lives! Smash him from behind with a brick! Flat edge of the hand in the Adam's apple! Drive your hand down hard on the bridge of his nose—smash the nose and send bone splinters into his brain!

And after it's over, slip your switch or zip to your Deb, to be shoved in her bra or garter belt or pants-top; cops don't frisk the chicks, they get away clean. Or, if you play it alone, use the potato-and-blades routine and then heave the weapon down the nearest sewer.

The police broke up that rumble before it really got going. A few went to the hospital, in bad shape, but it was a dull play—one one was killed.

The Barons sent out the word. The word was *retaliation*.

Next night, a lone Flyer, walk-

ing to the corner, was jumped from a slow-moving car by a gang of Barons, and thrown through the front window of a nearby bar.

So the War Councilors got together.

The rules were set, the lines were out, the studs were sharpening their knives. This was to be the big rumble.

Prospect Park at the appointed hour was teeming with gang kids. We had come on foot, in a devious path, and the three strokes of the church bell marked our passage.

I was scared. I had gotten into this thing to write about it, not to get killed in the middle of it.

We kept together, and I realized the soundness of the gang psychology: might is right, superiority in numbers. How could a kid hope to grow up in the streets without learning the truth of that credo?

We came out from behind a line of parked cars and began crossing the street.

The first shots exploded off to my right and I heard some high, adolescent voice scream in agony.

The pitch-black of the park was suddenly fire-fly alive with gun-bursts and sparklers of flame. Most of the shots were going wild, but occasionally I could hear a thrashing and a cough.

Apartment windows flew up at the first few shots. Cries and screams of rage floated through the trees. Someone was howling for the cops.

Someone else was lying under a tree, clutching his chest and reciting "Hail Marys" with a swollen tongue.

I was sick to my stomach. I was sorry I'd ever wanted to find out how street gangs operated. I was finding out, and I might not live to write about it.

It was no holds barred, and they liked that. I hung back a little and watched the kids go screaming past me, right into the face of that horror.

First boy through the trees was caught in the eye by a long pole with a piece of glass on the end. His screams brought the rest running.

Then I heard the zips come into play. Many a Baron and Flyer thanked a seldom-addressed God that zips had no accuracy. Even so the casualty rate was high.

Before I knew what I was doing, I was running among them. A black shape heaved up out of a



These teen-age delinquents light up reefers to put them in mood for the desperate acts that may lie ahead.

bush as I passed and I felt a blast of pain that numbed my right arm completely. I swung, and smashed my brass-knuckled fist into the face of the boy who held a heavy club. I felt his head snap around under the blow and he crumpled at my feet.

I grabbed the club from him. It was a sawed-off chair-leg of ironwood with a hunk of lead in one end. It was heavy as a brick—and a lot deadlier.

One of the Debs was squawking in a broken wail, and I saw two

Flyer Debs working her over. One of them had a long stiletto, and she was slicing up that girl with all the aplomb of a butcher.

I jumped them, not thinking, and smashed the hand that held the knife. The girl bellowed. I hit the other one in the stomach, a long, driving smash with the club, and then half the Flyer club was down my shirt.

The last thing I saw for a long while was the face of that Baron Deb, her skin stripped away, the blood running in streams over her

cheeks.

She had got her kicks.

So did I. I didn't wake up for quite a while.

I was a ball of pain, lying under a bush, with the howling and screaming and swearing still floating over my head, and the blood running down my face, and my arm useless, but I was still alive.

I could see, though I was crying and my eyes burned, and I watched that rumble from the safety of the ground.

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I FOUGHT THE BLOOD MONSTERS

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, THEY WOULD KILL ME—BY SLOWLY SUCKING ME LIFELESS OR SMASHING ME TO BITS OF FLESH

THIS, THEN, was the way death came to some men. I stood looking down at the bloody form and I shuddered. Then I turned to the excited native and said, "Have someone come for this man's body. We'll go on and hunt down the bull."

Like that. Just as if it were going to be all simple and quick and easy.

We left the dead man and plunged into the jungle. Something was biting my calf. I lifted the pants leg. An ugly, lead-colored form several inches long was expanding and contracting, working its blood-sucking mechanism deep into my skin. I cursed and drew my knife blade across it. Another was already measuring its way up my boot. Land leeches. The place swarmed with them.

I turned and looked back through the screen of vegetation at the dead man we had left. For a moment I seemed to be seeing myself lying there in the mud and I could see this Dutch East Indies I tagged the creature the pigmy buffalo bull charging me, its straight, 15-inch stiletto horns aimed at my belly. I could imagine myself going down, as that man had, bloody and dying, and with the damnable swarming land leeches hurrying to help drain me.

Much of this was to come true. I had hunted over much of Asia. When I first heard of the anoa, I made a mental note that someday I would try to collect one. I had never given any thought to the creature as dangerous.

And so, offered in chance by the resident boss of a British export firm to go with him on a tour of the company's Dutch affiliates on Celebes, I jumped at it. We looked over the nutmeg plantations, the copra warehouses. Finally we went

By **HORTON McQUADE**

into the interior to see the firm's lumbering operations.

At our base camp there, we were served anoa meat. We learned that the natives hunt the animals extensively for food. We also learned that an anoa bull, with exceptionally long horns, had recently badly gored a Macassar workman not far from our camp.

My ears went up immediately. I suggested that perhaps I should hunt down the bull. But the bull struck again before I could get under way.

My Toala guide circled the bush silently, coming back to me from time to time to report. Presently he came padding up to me, slipping half-hunched through the tangle of vegetation. He motioned for me to come with him.

Near a spring, surrounded by rattan palms, the Toala paused and pointed to the ground. Tracks quite similar to those of domestic cattle, but smaller, were plain in the soft earth by the spring. From my knowledge of big game in general, I would have guessed the tracks had been made by an animal standing no more than three and a half feet at the shoulder. The Toala beckoned me to a bush beside the bubbling spring.

He broke off a branch and handed it to me. The branch had been rubbed by a horn. Blood was spread the entire length of the rub. I stared, fascinated, then impulsively I dropped the branch. I found myself nauseated, trembling. The murderer bull had stopped here to drink, then clean his murder weapons.

I started to speak to the guide. He held up his hand for silence. He knelt and sniffed at the bull's track, as if he were a trail hound.

Then he made a clever drawing in the earth with a twig. First he drew lines that indicated a man—the dead man. Then he drew a circle at a short distance and pointed to the spring. Farther out, he drew the anoa bull. In other words, here was the distance from dead man to spring—and there was how much farther on he suspected the bull had traveled since drinking.

He arose and motioned. We crept like cats on into the dark, dank jungle. He picked out a single track here, a broken branch there, a bush bent aside. He moved slowly, patiently.

Suddenly he froze. He turned his head slightly, looked at me, touched his nose. He tilted his head back, inhaled in exaggerated fashion, touched his nose again. He was telling me he could smell the anoa.

I was not certain I should believe him. But even as he squatted, going through his ridiculous routine, off to our left a branch snapped. Presently there came the unmistakable sound of an animal browsing, then blowing through its nose, as cattle often do when they feed.

We squirmed toward the sound. One careful step. Another. Another. Now, through a screen of leaves I saw an animal move. But this was not the beast we sought. This one was moving in from the opposite direction. A second form moved up behind this one. I raised a hand and eased the leaves aside. I was confronted by my first anoa. A young bull, followed by a cow, was staring toward the spot where the murderer must be lurking.

They were unspectacular looking creatures. My previous guess as to size had been correct. They stood only a little over three feet at the shoulder. Light brown wool-

ly hair covered much of their bodies, but it was worn off in spots so that the tough hide showed bare and ugly.

Their tails were only about half the normal length for cattle. Their shoulders seemed more narrow, their necks and heads less bulky. The horns on the young bull slanted back, without curve. They were short, small in circumference, but sharp.

I could not believe there was anything especially dangerous about such creatures. But suddenly the jungle exploded.

From our right the hidden bull let out a curious bawl of rage and hurled himself through the vegetation. The ears of the young bull pricked upward, his shoulders hunched, his head went low. The murderer hove into sight, vines and ripped branches trailing.

My eyes popped. The murderer was a wholly different sort of beast. Not a hair graced his thick and filthy hide. Age, wear and tear had stripped his hide clean, as it often does to these animals.

The Toala was hissing in my ear, tugging at my elbow. Meat, good meat was about to get away.

I raised the rifle, curled my arm into the sling. I rammed the barrel through the leaves, laid the sights on the big old murderer, and squeezed. He went down with a crash.

Before the hunched young bull could react, I swung and snapped a shot into him. The cow wheeled with a snort. I dropped her in her tracks. It was not trick shooting. They were so close they couldn't be missed.

The Toala let out a whoop and went bounding forward. I followed.

And then horror hit me like a sledge.

I saw the old renegade shudder and then somehow he was on his feet. One second he was flat and apparently dead, the next he was hulking there with head lowering and legs pumping, charging

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INSIDE

A HOUSE OF SIN



**THE SHUTTERED WINDOWS OF A HOUSE ON THE TANGIER'S WATERFRONT
HIDE GUILT, SHAME, PASSION. NOW RAGE'S CAMERA OPENS THE BLINDS...**

THE PICTURES on these and the next four pages show a side of life rarely before photographed. Taken in Tangier, capital of Morocco, the pictures tear open the "curtain of sin" that has long hid the most evil houses of sin in the world today.

These girls are as cosmopolitan as Tangier itself. They are French,

Spanish, Portugese, and English. They range in age from 14 to over 50. They will sell their souls for a few dollars.

In Tangier, prostitution is legal provided the houses obey police regulations. A police officer regularly checks up to see that the laws are being obeyed. But even the most urbane citizen of Tan-

gier admits that something should be done to save these girls from their lives of degradation.

But with the houses an attraction that brings tourists from all over Europe, and with a reputation for its evilness, Tangier is not very likely in the near future to put the lid finally on its world-famed "houses of sin."



A visitor trods the well-worn steps to a famous Tangier house.

MADAME BLANCHE



He meets one of the girls, about to leave for the week end (each girl is required by law and custom to work only six days each week).

The visitor arrives at the gate to the house. This is always kept locked, is only opened by giving a password to girls in charge of gate.





Visitor is entertained in an anteroom of the house by several of the girls. Rates for girls vary from 75 cents up to 5 dollars.

Girl gets her pay. She can keep 40 per cent of what she collects, with the rest going to the house. Girls make over \$100 a week.



Police inspector interviews girls to check on their licenses and make sure that all the health regulations of Tangier are enforced.



Employee of the house goes through her meager belongings. Most of the girls, though well paid, own cheap cosmetics and poor clothing.



I WAS FLOGGED BY RED SADISTS

SINCE MY JOB was taking care of records for the Communist Party in my native city of Pisa, Italy, I had access to many Red secrets—even though I myself was not a member of the party. They watched me very closely and their watchfulness was to cause me the most ignominious moment of my life—a dreadful whipping from the terrifying cat-of-nine tails.

I was hired by the Communists because my university studies had made me somewhat of an expert on the handling of membership lists for organizations such as political parties. I didn't care too

much about the job but this was the summer of 1948—when literally millions of young Italians like myself were unemployed.

The event leading to my flagellation was an unfortunate one. I had been befriended by one Mauro Albini, a blond lad who had served in the *Bersaglieri*. Albini gained my full confidence and thus access one night to the files in the office. He disappeared, and it developed he was working for a newspaper in Genoa.

The Reds surmised my guilt. My office manager, Pietro Ragusa, asked me to call my father one

By ANGELO DISTRAENGA
as told to Prof. Pietro Parmange

PAINT BY BAKER

AS EACH STRIPE WAS BRUTALLY PLACED, SHE

TWISTED HER BODY TO ESCAPE THE SWIFT LASH . . .



"Swoosh—and the 'cat' chewed and clawed at my bleeding flesh."

afternoon to tell him that I would be home late from work. He led me to an old hotel building several kilometers away from my office, about a stone's throw from the Arno River near the Via Roma.

"Signore," he said once we were inside, "you have committed a grave offense against me and the Party. Although no great harm has been done by your indiscretion, we feel that you are nevertheless to be punished for your offense. Word of this incident to either the police or your friends will result in serious mishap for beloved members of your family. *Telo giuro, ragazzo!*"

Daring not to resist or flee and suspecting a bluff, I waited with Ragusa and several other apparently disinterested individuals till dusk. When it was nearly eight o'clock four more people, one of them a plump woman in her thirties, came into the building. From their talk it became evident that she too had committed an offense of some nature and that she too had been brought for chastisement. In time we were led downstairs to a cellar which had once been used for the storage of wines and liqueurs.

It was a small chamber with cobblestones, dark corners and several empty barrels and shelves. A table and three chairs were at one side and a yellowed lamp hung at one end of a dusty wire from the ceiling. The smell of fresh wine was still strong and pleasing. Ragusa then asked me point-blank if I had allowed a non-party member to see the office files. I offered a denial but he cut me short and told me he knew all. Turning to the others he exchanged several words in a dialect I did not recognize. The men conversed with the woman in dialect and finally nodded their heads in assent.

The woman appeared terrified. One of them tied her wrists and she listened with terror as a pronouncement of her sentence was made. Fifty lashes were to be her reward for the offense which was left unnamed. One of the Reds removed his jacket and shirt, extracted a whip from a valise and made ready to perform as executioner.

A sick feeling came to the pit of my stomach.

The woman began to sob. The Red laid down his instrument, grabbed her arms and raised them

over her head where he affixed the cord to a post and beam. Her garments were ripped off and she stood there, nude from the waist up. She was a lovely woman of matured qualities.

"She is to be well whipped," Ragusa said. The burly executioner nodded and picked up his whip. It was a long, black, snake-looking instrument with hard little knots running from the handle to the tip. With her arms tethered, the victim looked behind her at the executioner; she still did not believe that she was to be subjected to the punishment.

Nor did I.

The Red retreated a few steps and measured the distance with a practiced eye. Now raising the whip overhead full length, he brought his arm down with all the force he could. The whip whistled in mid-air, snapped like a lightning bolt and wrapped itself across the shoulders of the trembling woman. The leather clapped on her and curled around several times. She let out a shriek and strained at her bonds.

I gaped incredulously at the red streak which appeared on the

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LAST RIDE THROUGH THE GORGE OF DEATH

"SLOWLY I MOVED ONE HAND ALONG THE SANDSTONE, MY HEART POUNDING INSIDE ME LIKE A JACKHAMMER. . ."

By WILLARD LUCE

ONCE AGAIN I read the sign. "Warning: Do not enter when raining." Well what the hell, it wasn't raining. Only a few drops now and then.

I sat there in the Ford for a long moment looking up ahead. Black, heavy clouds rolled down over the rugged outline of Capitol Reef. Lightning jerked across the face of the clouds. Thunder beat down on the land like the violent, savage pounding of a drum.

I stepped from the car and held my hand out, palm upward. Two drops of rain splattered in it.

I shook my head, trying to make my thoughts come clear. Below the clouds, the dirt road-way snaked its way into the twisting earth-scar that was Capitol Gorge. I had been through the gorge maybe a dozen times and I knew it was no place to be during a flood. The gorge knifes its way down through a thousand feet of sandstone. At the narrows, it is 20 feet wide at the bottom and a thousand feet deep. The road and the usually dry stream bed run as one strip right through the bottom.

Lightning flashed again. The thunder cracked almost instantly, making me cringe and duck a little. Then I held out my hand once more. When no drops of rain fell in it, I crawled back into the Ford

and kicked it into gear. It was only three or four miles through the reef. It was a slow, rough three or four miles, but once through it there would be no more danger from floods. At Torrey I would hit the hard top and be home hours sooner than if I turned around and went out by the Hanksville-Greenriver road. After almost a month of prospecting for uranium along the lower reaches of the Dirty Devil river, I was ready to get home.

I kept the car in second. For rough driving there's no gear better than second. It gives you power when you need it, and all the

speed a road like that will take.

Rain started coming down and I turned on the wipers.

In no time at all the canyon walls shot up, high and broken, on either side. From high above I could hear the strange, eerie sound of the wind. Occasionally gusts hit the car and shook it like giant hands.

If I could have turned around then, I would have. But here the walls of the gorge pushed in on either side, shoving the road and the stream bed into a narrow, broken channel. At other places the road was edged on either side

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Arrow points to stake that author hoped might save him.

FRANCE'S NEWEST SEXY STAR LETS

PARIS CHOOSES FRESH FACES AND FEMININE FIGURES FOR ITS MOST
POPULAR NEW SHOWS—GAELIC GIRLS WHO ARE GOING PLACES!

WITH NEVER enough pretty faces to satisfy the world's motion picture audiences, producers and talent scouts are constantly on the search for new, beautiful talent. On these and the next few pages, RAGE, brings you a handful of the girls whom Parisian experts predict may be among the celluloid sirens of the near future.

Anne Marie Mersen has a slight swimming crisis.



Costumes of starlets range from simulated doves to old-fashioned hobble skirts. Wearing feathers at left is Edith George. Above: Marie Reine.



From the Mayol Theatre in Montmartre, Mlle. Pat.

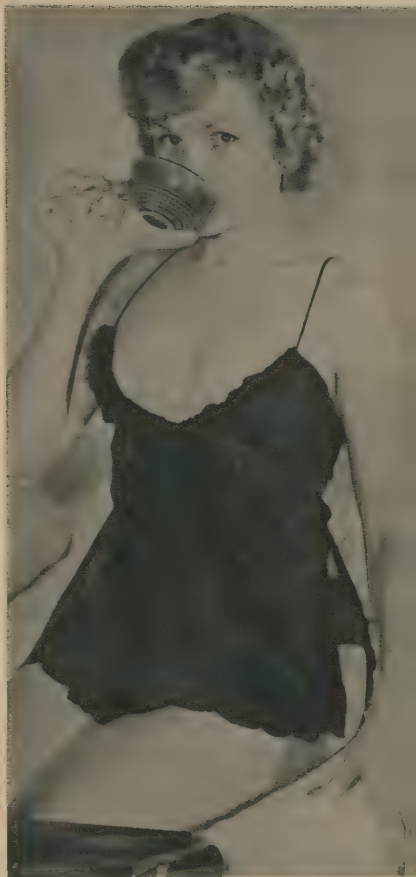


Anne Mersen, all dry, in a show-stopping costume.

Richest source for new screen talent in Europe lies in the chorus and showgirls who scintillate in famed continental cabarets and intimate theaters



Without prudish censorship laws restricting cabaret performances, Continental clubs present starlets like Mlle. Christine



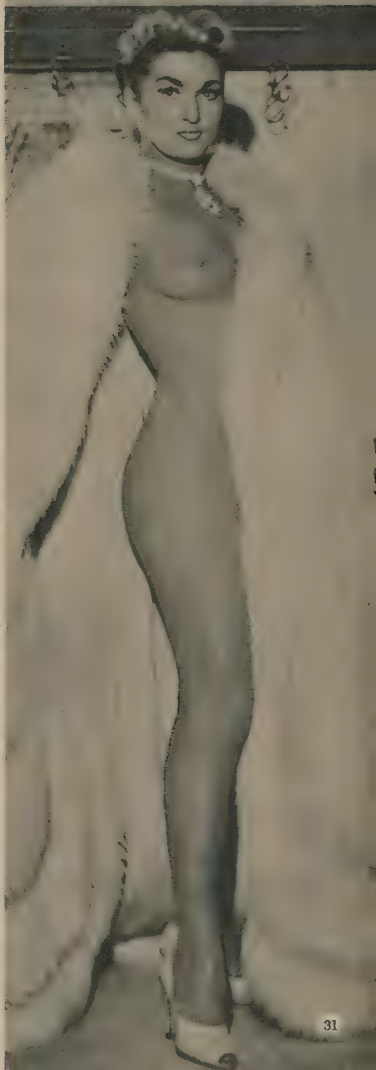
Out of feathers, into black slip is Edith George.

Jacqueline Pierreux gets ready for dip in pool.






In sultry Apache costume is red-haired Monique Jerome.



Ermine wrap cloaks Simone Claris, toast of Paris,





Between-the-acts break
finds Mlle. Manon
reading magazine.



Mata Hari is shown in her days of glory (l.);



death at hands of the firing squad.

I SHOT MATA HARI!

*For the first time, one of the killers of the beautiful spy
tells how it feels to watch hot lead rip a woman apart*

By **TAHAR BEN KHARDIN** as told to **SENECA N. GATES**

ON A DRAB, bleak Monday morning, I shot to death the century's most glamorous female spy. She died with more courage than most men—but there have been too many mythical stories about how she died in front of my firing squad. So let me give you the true facts.

One thing I can tell you right off. A lot of people have claimed she suddenly tore open her chin-chilla coat, bared her breasts to make a better target, then blew a

kiss at the soldiers as we fired.

This far-fetched story just is not true. The real truth about how Marguerite Gertrude Zelle was executed is far more interesting.

That morning of October 15, 1917, is etched in my mind, for I was one of the twelve Zouaves detailed by the French Army to share in the execution of an enemy espionage agent known all over the world by her stage name—Mata Hari.

I was at Fort Vincennes when

the order came through for the woman to be slain at about sunrise. We had to undergo an early reveille and roll call. It was chilly, and dawn was just lighting up a gray sky while a nearby factory whistle called the early laborers to work. During assembly, my C.O. read off the detail of 12 men, all Negroes from Algeria as it turned out, to serve on the firing squad. My name was on the list.

I wasn't sure whether I liked

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THINK YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN A NUDIST COLONY? IF SO, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR SEX LIFE, SAYS AN EXPERT, WHO TELLS . . .

ALL ABOUT NAKEDNESS —THE GREATEST SEX FEAR

By ROBERT MINES

Chief Psychologist, North Carolina State Hospital

NOT LONG AGO, a young insurance salesman reported for an Army physical examination. He was told to undress. The young man looked desperately around the room for a moment, then faint-
ed.

Later Army doctors asked him if it were because of shame over some body abnormality. The young man said this wasn't the case—he simply couldn't tolerate being nude.

Deciding this was a sign of real maladjustment, the Army doctors rejected him for military service. Obviously he was an extreme

case. But even in this age of brief bathing suits, there are still many people who object to removing the last garment that stands between them and nudity, even when conditions make it necessary.

Moreover, there are others who will strip if they have to, but who wouldn't think of doing it "just for fun." One doctor told me, for instance, of a young married couple who consulted him with the complaint that their relationship was becoming too routine. He suggested nudity as a means of making it more exciting. But, they said, such an idea was "unthinkable."

Their attitude is unfortunate for doctors have found that excessive prudery can ruin a marriage.

"Naturally," one specialist in internal medicine remarked, "no one should take to the streets wearing only his best smile; but it's equally obvious that for a grown man to be afraid to be seen nude by other men is, at the least, pretty abnormal."

In connection with this tendency, doctors have discovered some interesting things:

*There are certain men who can be quite comfortable while naked in a group but who get extremely nervous being in the nude with just one other person—of either sex.

*There are some men who, surprisingly, can be naked with a woman, but who will refuse to undress in front of another man.

*There are men who'll undress in front of others in winter, but, amazingly enough, will hang onto their clothes for dear life all summer.

Since Adam and Eve were the first people to experience shame about their nakedness, this probably stacks up as the oldest sex problem. Let's see what brings it on most acutely in this modern age.

In the matter of personal nakedness, the male sex is usually thought of as having less "shame" than women.

But, amazingly, surveys show that when couples are newly married, a wife will often begin to undress in front of her husband a considerable time before he has nerve enough to do it in front of her. Along this same line, a man who visits prostitutes will frequently insist that she be without clothes, although he may still be partly dressed.

Psychologists partly explain this by pointing out that, by tradition, a married woman "holds nothing back." A man, on the other hand, is less inclined to see himself as being entirely the possession of his wife. Similarly, the man purchasing satisfaction is apt to feel that he's entitled to view the woman's nude body, but that she possesses no similar right in connection with his.

Research has also shown that a man's sensitivity will usually have very little to do with his own body build. Along this line, Dr. Donald Powell Wilson, professor of psychology at Los Angeles State College and author of the best-selling

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While onlookers clap and whistle, Samia struts her stuff in a film.

CHURNING HER HEFTY HIPS, belly dancer Samia Gamal (*left*), made a big splash in American newspapers just two years ago, but now, she is as forgotten by the U.S. male as the "Little Egypt" of the Gay Nineties.

Samia's last big fling at being famous was her short-lived hitch as ■ woman soldier in Nasser's army. She dropped her G-string for ■ fatigue uniform and posed holding ■ rifle for photographers. But, as you may recall, things got a little warm for soldiers in Egypt and little old Samia dropped her rifle and took off like ■ big bird. She wasn't missed.

The best thing that ever happened to her was on that day in 1951, when an American millionaire caught her act in Paris. Three days after he first spied her whirling navel, Sheppard King III asked the cooch dancer for her hand.

Samia played it coy. "Why," she said, "I am a Moslem, and cannot wed an infidel." So, chomping at the bit, Sheppard King III, became Sheppard Abdullah King III.

What could ■ girl do? What else? They were married. It was ■ bang-up affair, with the ceremony strictly Moslem. Shep, or rather, Abdullah, answered the traditional "I do," in Arabic.

As ■ wedding present, in addition to ■ huge diamond ring, King provided Samia with a \$30,000 dowry.

The rest followed the usual pattern: ■ few gentle spats, then ■ kiss-and-makeup session. Then more excited fights and prolonged attempts at getting together again. Finally, came the big blow-off and Abdullah turned from belly dancer Samia Gamal.

He turned, of course, to belly dancer Nejla Ates. She did her wriggling Turkish style and King could hardly wait until she, too, accepted ■ diamond ring from him as, "A token of his esteem." They announced their engagement short-

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

SAMIA GAMAL ?



In her nightclub act, Samia's veils hide more of audience than of her.



Her Latin Quarter act dazes a GI.



Samia and Abdullah King slice their huge wedding cake.



Soldier Samia got dressed to join Nasser's army.

ly thereafter. But engagement was as far as it would go this time. Sheppard King said that he was no longer engaged to Nejla, but had met Helen Fiske Smith, "Miss Washington of 1953," and that she would be his wife. So much for Abdullah!

Samia put the publicity she got out of her marriage to King to good use. It landed her contracts to "Shake that thing," in some of

the biggest and hottest nightclubs in America, including the biggest and hottest of them all: New York's fabulous Latin Quarter.

What's more, the publicity got her a fat movie contract from an Egyptian movie company and a slightly slimmer contract for a bit part in an American film.

When she felt that jobs were not coming fast enough and that the power of fame was gone from

her marriage to King, Samia, with a neat assist from her buzz-saw press-agent, arranged the Army enlistment fiasco. Why Nasser let it happen, can best be left to the imagination.

But the trick worked and worked well, because that be-twitching Egyptian beauty, Samia Gamal, is again bumping and grinding her way through the American nite club circuit.

The Lady and the

"PAULINE OPENED HER EYES, LOOKED PAST ME—AND SCREAMED"

By GEORGE NUGENT

AFRICA DOES things to white women. I've seen girls on their way out to marry men waiting for them. Aboard the ship they're all starry-eyed. Then, between the Islands and Sierra Leone, they get languorous and quiet, and next thing you know they've hopped off half way along the coast to marry some bum they met for the first time aboard ship.

There was a nice Scot girl who married a friend of mine. She stayed out three weeks and beat it back home as fast as she could. Made her husband quit his job and go home, too. She told him she knew what happened to white women in that filthy climate; and she didn't want to have her husband exposed to it.

Maybe Freud could have explained it.

There was a lady in Cameroun, a quiet, reserved girl with a shy, touch-me-not manner. She didn't drink nor smoke and when you danced with her it was like stepping around with a store dummy. Yet on moonlit nights her husband had to lock her up or she'd go wandering in the bush with no clothes on.

Just as strange was Madame Puranelli.

It happened outside Ebolowa, trading center for Southern Cameroun in French Equatorial Africa. There were two white women there, Madame Robinet, the M.O.'s wife and—after Monsieur Puranelli arrived to relieve me as head of the trading post—his petite, dreamy-eyed spouse, Pauline.

She was a lovely little thing from Nice; dark hair, pale, heart-shaped face, and curved like a carefully carved ivory miniature. He was an affected type with pointed mustache, curly hair and

GORILLA

liquid eyes. He wore gleaming white, belt-in-the-back suits and pointed shoes. He just devastated the ladies in the American Mission some distance outside Ebolowa.

He must have had some idea that all Americans are millionaires by the way he neglected his wife and the post for the ladies at the Mission. It was okay with me, for I got to entertain the exquisite Pauline.

At least it would have been okay if she hadn't had such queer ideas of entertainment.

Right away she wanted to be taken to where she could watch gorillas. There were plenty of the brutes around Ebolowa. Above the township was a hill lousy with them. At night we could hear them slamming their chests and hooting. Sometimes they'd get into their horrible screaming battles and it was like the sound effects from Hell.

Nothing would do but I must take her up Gorilla Hill. It meant a long walk around the foot of the hill to a trail used by the Bulus to collect some herbs they liked. She was carried that far in a hammock. But the boys just plain sat down and refused to carry her up the hill.

"So we walk," she said gaily. "Allez-yi"

We walked, up the narrow zig-zag trail, through tall mahogany trees, then smaller secondary bush. At the ridge was a sort of hut used for shelter. I hoped to reach that before we went back.

It was hot and the bush hemmed us in with a million shades of green. Twice we smelled the hot stench of a lair. Her eyes went big.

Once we heard a coughing grunt and something flitted off between the trees.

"C'est un gorille!" she breathed. I told her yes and she wanted to follow it. I explained it was best to get to the hut where we could see for some distance.

So we went on and then, rounding a bend in the trail, we walked

into one of the biggest gorillas I've ever seen.

He was one of the red-headed kind, with an almost human face. His mask was black and the eyes not too deeply set, his snout more shaped than the usual two holes of the big mountain gorilla. He was squatting, staring straight at us, his big knuckled hands between his hind feet.

I froze tight. My rifle hung by its sling from my right shoulder. I had as much chance of bringing it into action as I had of killing that beast without it. So we stood motionless, the animal watching us and idly scratching his belly. Then I became aware of Pauline. Her eyes were bugged out, her face like marble, her lips parted.

She moved. The animal started, head up. I snatched for my rifle and he gave a sideways bound, graceful as a seal, and was gone. "Alors!" she gasped, "Un vrai gorille."

"Sure," I told her. "Now we'd better be getting back to the bungalow."

"Oh non!" She was emphatic. We had to follow that beast and see where he went. She wanted to see how the gorillas lived.

"Look," I said. "Gorillas don't like people. We're liable to be ripped to bits."

She eyed me, cold as a snake. "Go back then," she said and turned to follow the trail.

She just didn't have enough sense to be afraid. And yet there seemed to be something else, something strange in this small, frail little female, a sort of iron confidence. I had to go along.

We reached the rest hut, and sat down in what was left of the verandah to get our bearings.

Below us the hill fell away until the tree tops looked like green puff balls. At the bottom, maybe two miles distant, were the red roofs of the Ebolowa hospital, jail and bungalows. I had sandwiches and a bottle of wine wrapped in a wet cloth to keep it cool. I suggested a drink.

No sir, She wanted to see gor-

illas. She was restless as a cat. "Wait here, you'll see plenty," I told her. "But don't move or you'll frighten them away."

We sat and after a while she ate something and drank her share of the wine. We heard them moving about as the afternoon wore on, and saw the trees shake as the big animals pulled the branches about.

It was about three that we heard a bleating and saw a harness antelope come rushing up the trail. A great, shapeless creature bounded behind it. Then we saw a gorilla swing down from a tree and hit the antelope with a mighty arm.

The little creature bleated again and flipped off the path like a deflated wineskin. The two gorillas capered about the dead antelope, pulling at it, flogging it with great, flapping paws. I wanted to be sick. I'd never seen anything like that before. And, without thinking, I threw up my rifle and fired. The two gorillas disappeared.

That woman turned on me like a fishwife. What did I mean by firing at those animals? How dared I shoot without orders? Her face was sharp as a ferret's and her voice strident and jarring. I ran to look at the antelope. Almost every bone in its body was broken. I went back.

"Look," I said to her. "I've never seen anything like that before. I've heard of it, though; gorillas beating other animals to death just for fun. But I think we'd better get back. That thing over there will give you some idea of what happens when a gorilla gets mad at you."

She sulked all the way back. And her husband raised hell with me for not bringing her back earlier. That suited me. I hoped I wouldn't have to take her gorilla peeping any more.

But I was wrong. The following day she founced into the post and said I was to take her up gorilla hill that afternoon. She had a little camera and wanted to take pictures.

I took her and we saw no gorillas. She blamed me, said my rifle scared them. I informed her that I'd take her looking for gorillas—but with rifle.

The next day we saw some in the distance. She kept wanting to see their nests and spent over an hour watching a pair of them maneuver about the underbrush. Then, seeing the look on her face,

(Continued on page 46)





**WHO
IS THE
GIRL
WAITING
AT A**

**BUS
STOP
?**

**Turn
Page**



MM in her "chantootsie" costume.



While Marilyn's charms charm audiences all over the country as a bus stopper, she's working in England on a new film.



In "Bus Stop," impetuous cowboy rushes in to MM's bed, where angels might fear to tread.

THE PICTURE you've just looked at was a prophetic one. The model posing for a bit of calendar art that just happened to include the "bus stop" sign was Marilyn Monroe, then unknown. Today, her starring role in the movie, "Bus Stop," won for the bosomy blonde the greatest critical plaudits of her acting career.



Her newest film will be with Sir Laurence Olivier. Called "The Sleeping Prince," it updates the classic fairy-tale.



In "Bus Stop" night-club scene, Marilyn gives out with a honky-tonk song-and-dance routine.



Here's the famous body in all its decollete charm.

TOO MANY LOVES HAD ROBBIE

By Captain Glenn Shirley

Body of Roberta Whitacre just before it was removed by ambulance.



The killer, Jess Dodds, in handcuffs.

EVEN in death the strange beauty of the dark-haired woman could not be missed. She lay on the kitchen floor of her home at 210 S. Richmond, a bullet in her heart and the front of her dress sodden with blood—the once gay, vibrant, though 41-year-old divorcee, Roberta Sybil Whitacre. Her face, pressed against a table leg where she had fallen, bore a look of surprise and horror. In one out-flung hand she gripped a box-like blue purse.

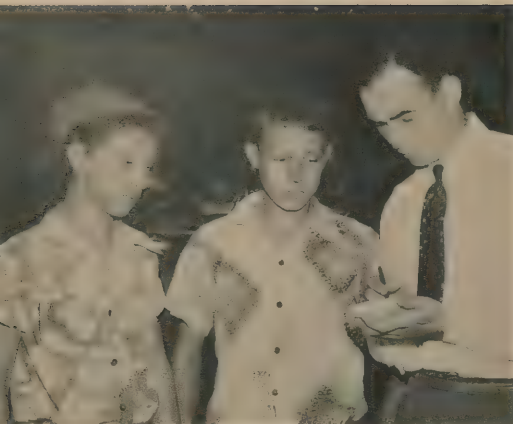
Tom Carner, a neighbor, had discovered the body at 5:45 p.m., and summoned police immediately. Harold Haus, Tulsa's chief of detectives, had led his crack homicide squad to the scene, and County Investigator W. A. "Ace" Lang had come out from the office of County Attorney Robert Wheeler.

Circling the body, the officers stood a few seconds, grimly silent. Then Police Physician Lee Gentry knelt beside the body. As he started his examination, Haus bent down to peer at the purse.

"It's been opened," he told the others. "The snap's broken."

"The killer must have been interested in its contents," Ace Lang observed, moving closer.

"But it isn't robbery," Haus said,



Glenn Babb (left) and Jack Swanson tell Investigator W. A. Lang they heard shots.

pointing to the screen door opening into the driveway.

Four shots had torn through the screen from outside and powder burns around the holes indicated the murderer had fired point blank from less than two feet away.

"One bullet pierced her heart. She died instantly, about six hours ago," Doctor Gentry announced.

Sergeant James Lang and Detective Murray Smith, searching the room, located the other three bullets—one imbedded in the ceiling, another in a cabinet, and one in the opposite wall.

The way the woman had fallen, she had been standing in the doorway. Obviously she had opened the kitchen door and was talking to her slayer when shot.

Detective Jack Purdie had canvassed the ground outside. There was no sign of footprints. The killer had stood on the driveway. Apparently he had come and gone that way.

"Okay," Haus said. "Here is what we have: The killer came to the back door and called to Mrs. Whitacre or knocked. She got her purse for some reason, maybe thinking it was a paper boy or a bill collector. Right after she opened the door, the killer started shooting. He fired

four shots before she fell. He must have opened the purse, either found what he wanted or didn't, then fled."

"A cheap coward!" Ace Lang commented.

"That's all we know about him to now," Haus said grimly. "Let's check the neighborhood."

As he started out the back door he collided with a little middle-aged woman in a house coat who was about to enter. Drawing back, the chief jerked his head toward the kitchen.

"Get in there," he ordered.

The woman entered obediently, eyes roving in amazement from one officer to another. Suddenly she caught sight of the body.

"Good Heavens!" she said hoarsely. "It's Robbie Whitacre. What happened?"

"Shot," Haus replied curtly. "Who are you?"

"Adelaide Page. I live up the street. I heard some popping noises about noon. I didn't see Robbie around the place after that, and when I tried to phone, she didn't answer. I called Mr. Carner when he came in and he went to see if she was all right."

Carner said he had knocked at the front door. Unable to get an answer, he had gone down the walk

past the hedge and up the driveway to the back of the house. He had seen the bullet holes in the screen and Mrs. Whitacre's body on the kitchen floor.

Elsie Schram, who lived across the street, had heard what might have been pistol shots about noon, but she had thought it was a car back-firing. She had seen no suspicious persons in the neighborhood.

They knew little of the victim's reputation and activities. Her nearest relatives were two sisters in Kansas and a brother in eastern Oklahoma. She was divorced from John Whitacre, operator of the Advance Glass Works of Tulsa, and had moved to the Richmond street address in September, 1952. A laughing, carefree person, she was well-liked by the neighbors.

But Mrs. Page hinted that at least one matter ought to be investigated. "Robbie and her boy friend had a quarrel yesterday evening."

"What boy friend?" Haus asked.

"Her regular boy friend, Earlie Jones, who works at the aircraft plant."

"What was it about?"

The woman didn't know. She had heard loud arguing as she walked past on the way home from the movies. Then things had got quiet.

"I guess they settled their difficulties," she said. "Mr. Jones spent the night. I saw him leave at day-break. I thought you ought to know."

"Sure," Haus said. "Thanks!"

Earlie Jones, a well groomed, friendly man of 50, answered Haus' knock at the door of his bachelor apartment on Tulsa's east side. Haus flashed his credentials. When he told Jones why he was there, the suspect's face lost color.

"She was all right when I left her—"

"Early this morning?" Haus interrupted.

"I had a date with her and she asked me to stay all night. . . . This is terrible. I can't believe it!"

Haus explained that it would be necessary for Jones to go with him. Detective Smith and Sergeant Lang were still at the house. The body of Roberta Whitacre had been removed to the morgue for an autopsy and to recover the death bullet. The detectives had recovered the other three bullets from the ceiling, cabinet and wall. Jones stared at the bullets dazedly. Smith showed him

(Continued on page 63)

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THE LADY AND THE GORILLA

(Continued from page 39)

I realized what she was after.

We went out every day for a week and I saw so many gorillas they might have been relatives.

It was at the end of the week, a Sunday morning. I'd had enough and I wanted to get the hell out of there. But she asked me to take her, just once more, up the hill. Purnell was going to the Mission.

We took off, walked the last mile or so and arrived at the resthouse at nearly noon. This is the sleep time in the bush; animals sleep and humans do the same if they have any sense. I suggested as much to Pauline.

But we had to prowl and see what we could see.

It was around two that we heard a screeching and thrashing down the slope from the resthouse. Something was chasing something else because the racket was moving around. That meant it wasn't a battle because gorillas generally stay in the same spot when they fight things out. That spelled one thing to little Pauline.

We moved to a spot where the roots of a tree offered a fair view up and down a ledge and saw a pair of shaggy brutes tumbling and striking at each other like a pair of monkeys on sticks. One would screech, slap the other and claw up a tree. Number two would shinnny after, yank the other down and they'd tumble in a horrible tangle of arms, legs and teeth, hit with a thump and do it all over again.

But Pauline wasn't using her little camera. She just watched, absorbed as a kid at her first keyhole. We saw one of the animals halt and the other slide alongside. Pauline leaned too far over to see and fell flat on her pretty little face on the ledge below.

She lay like a dead thing. I let myself down, turned her over and started working her arms to get some wind back into her. Pauline opened her eyes, looked past me and screamed. I turned to see one of those gorillas coming at us like an enormous crab. He was knuckling along sideways, roaring, his eyes blazing with fury.

I looked wildly for my rifle. It was 10 feet above me in that tree root. Yanking Pauline to her feet I boosted her up the bank.

"Get my rifle," I yelled. "Quick!"

She had hold of the root and I let her go, then turned. The gorilla was upright now, his great chest tapering to a tight belly between massive legs that gripped the

earth with great inturnd feet.

"Rifle!" I shouted, not daring to take my eyes off him.

Then he charged, tearing vines and brush out of his way, screeching and slamming. I yelled and made a sort of a feint at him. He halted, arms wide.

I had a chance to look up.

That woman was crouched there on the bank, my rifle in her hands.

"Give me that rifle," I snapped.

She didn't even answer.

I looked wildly for escape. The gorilla was getting up his nerve for another rush, I knew damned well that if I tried to climb that bank he'd yank me down and pull my legs off.

"Throw that rifle down to me."

She was squatting there, staring at that bloody gorilla like he was Clark Gable!

"Rifle!" I screamed.

The gorilla let out another screech. I snatched up a dead branch and heaved it at him. He ducked and started for me.

I had to risk it. I jumped for the root, snatched it, drew myself up beside her and dragged the rifle from her hands. Having no time to hold on I just fell right back down on to the ledge, nearly dragging her down with me.

And that gorilla was on me.

I had time to flip off the safety and slap a bullet into him. It was enough to turn him and while he was coming around I kevered another 44-40 home and let him have that in the neck. He went down, squalling, got up, clinging to his neck like a bee-stung farmer and rushed at me. This time he got one in the face and that set him staggering back until he fell down. I had time to put two more bullets into his head and he collapsed.

Up in the hill I could hear his mate hoo-hooing.

And Pauline came down out of that tree clawing me like a wild cat.

"Espece d'assassin!" She was foaming at the mouth with rage.

But I'd had enough. I stood back, shoved her arms down and slapped her pale little face hard. She staggered back, stared at me and tears rolled down her face.

It was some time before I took her back to Ebolowa. Her husband put her to bed and I sent some boys up the hill to skin the gorilla.

I left Ebolowa the following day. You think that Pauline would come out and say goodbye?

To an assassin of gorillas? Never. END

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Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$4.98 plus a few cents postage.
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Name _____
Address _____

I SHOT MATA HARI!

(Continued from page 33)

the idea or not. But orders are orders. As far as I was concerned, Mata Hari was a celebrity. Known in every one of Europe's capitals, she was a byword along the boulevards of France and Germany as an interpreter of Javanese dances—the movements of which often smacked the eye as being somewhat suggestive.

For this publicly heralded execution our dated tube-magazine Lebel rifles were taken from us. Shortly before the convicted woman arrived from Saint Lazare Prison a few miles away, we were issued the newer-type Mannlicher-Berthier rifle, a .315-caliber gun. One of the guns was loaded with a blank cartridge so that all of us could say that we were not really sure whether our shot had killed her.

When the official motorcade arrived, our troops were ready and in ranks at the rifle range. We were arranged in a colorful formation of three sides, the infantry in sky blue, the artillery in complete service regalia and the cavalry with elongated, black plumes extending from brass helmets. On the open side of this formation stood the execution tree. It had no leaves or branches.

When the automobiles stopped, Mata Hari was among the first people to step out. She wore a black cloak trimmed with some fur. She had a large three-corner felt hat and purple gloves. You would think she was going to some kind of ball. The rain the night before had left several small puddles, and she gingerly avoided these.

Then she turned to the car and offered an assisting arm to the priest and the two nuns who accompanied her. As I gazed at Mata Hari—tall and slender, dark of hair, her face oval and her lips full and provocative—I couldn't detect any signs of emotion. I began to wonder whether she knew she was going to be shot in just a few minutes.

The C.O. gave us the command to "present arms." Mata Hari accepted the salute with a bow. She had lived for a public to look at her; now, at Vincennes, she was to die in the same manner.

Considered by some the most dangerous and elusive of Germany's spies, Mata Hari began her astounding career as a dancer and courtesan in Paris. She was described as the daughter of a high-caste Brahmin and a temple dancer from Java. Actually she had

been born in Holland of Dutch parents in 1876. While in her teens, she married Capt. Campbell MacLeod, who was sent to Java during his enlistment in the Dutch Army. After a few hectic years there, the two were divorced, and the girl went to Paris where she put herself on naked display in the name of art.

One vaudeville engagement took her to Berlin. Her intrigues with high police officers got her enrolled in the German Secret Service. Back in Paris, she became a high-paid call-girl. The French called her *démimondaine*, a polite word for a woman of prominence who accepts lovers for money. It was generally known that Mata Hari could be bought for 30,000 francs for an indefinite understanding but with no guarantee that her activities would be strictly monogamous.

Most of her "husbands" or "clients" were men of high political or military station. As Agent H-21 in France, the girl managed to lure indiscreet bigshots into disclosing how the Allies had been dropping spies from airplanes behind the German lines. She was also successful in worming out of French officers the secret plans of a great Allied offensive. When the drive was launched, the Germans were thoroughly prepared to meet it and thousands of Frenchmen were killed.

The French Secret Service got on to her. After they intercepted a message for her from her home office, they began to follow her. When Mata returned from one trip to Spain, the French nabbed her, tried her in secret court-martial, found her guilty and in July, 1917, sentenced her to pay the supreme penalty.

They say that Pierre de Morrisac, an influential gay blade about Paris, who had fallen in love with Mlle. Hari, assured her that he would arrange a mock execution; the rifles were to be loaded with blank cartridges. This expectation of a sham ceremony at Vincennes may have accounted for her composure the morning we killed her.

First she bade adieu to the nuns who had accompanied her. She smiled at all the men near her and walked to the execution tree. A government courier read the court-martial sentence aloud, and then the priest recited his prayer. When he said, "Amen," Mata Hari was pressed against the tree and her

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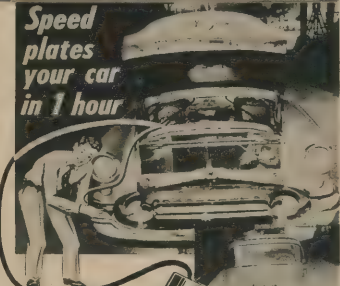
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hands were bound behind her to the trunk.

When a bandage was produced to cover her eyes, the condemned girl refused the courtesy in a theatrical gesture. Her manner still appeared bold. She was intrepid. She didn't cry out, faint away or betray any signs of feminine weakness. Silent, almost indifferent, she stood unmettled before the uniformed witnesses in formation. An enigmatic smile played about her sensuous lips.

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu!*" one soldier near me declared in a heavy whisper. "She knows how to die, that one!"

Major Massard called us to attention. At the command I stepped forward with the 11 other men in the detail and marched several steps until he halted us. We were about 10 paces away from Mata. The major ordered us to lift our rifles. As he raised his sword, I

overheard what were probably Mile. Hari's last words. She spoke to the major, calmly said, "Thank you, Monsieur."

In a flash the order to fire was barked, and I pressed the trigger. The guns roared with a thunder clap. My rifle boomed with a white popping puff. Almost at the same time the 11 balls of hot lead ripped into the helpless woman—hard, one right after another.

The blow jugged her backward, and she slumped to the ground like an empty sack of potatoes as the cord holding her wrists loosened under the jolt. The exact time, I learned later, was 5:47 A.M.

There was the illustrious adventures. She had sunk to her knees and her head dangled back. Her body toppled backward and she lay with her legs doubled beneath her torso. Massard calmly stepped up to her and gave her the *coup-de-grace*, a final shot into the brain.

All was stone silent as a doctor tested her heart to certify the death. When he nodded yes, my detail was ordered back to the ranks and the entire detachment was then commanded to parade. We marched past the riddled form of Mata Hari which lay sprawled in a heap of feminine frills.

She wasn't a pretty sight anymore. Staring stupidly at the heavens overhead, through which undecided streams of light tried to punctuate the masses of gray, she still bore the mysterious smile on her face.

Such, then, was the end of Mata Hari.

I felt no remorse. But in the years that have followed, I have never been able to forget that bleak morning when this harlot-spy and phony Javanese—but still a courageous woman—faced 12 well-aimed rifles and paid the penalty of death to my Mannlicher-Berthier. END

HOW GIRL GANGS FIGHT AND LOVE ...

(Continued from page 13)

Even the girls, tight jeans somehow concealing vicious knives and straight-edge razors, fought like wildcats. I saw one girl smash another in the breasts with a lead pipe, and keep beating her with it, even after the other had fallen, moaning, among the leaves.

Then I heard the siren wail. Joined in one common bond—hated of authority—they broke and ran, scattering back the way they had come, leaving their friends and brothers lying on the dew-fresh ground.

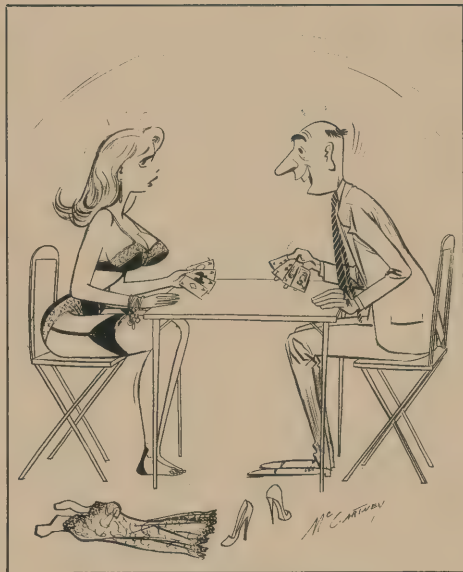
I dragged myself erect and limped through the trees till I was a block away from where the patrol cars had drawn up to the curb and were shining their spots.

I never went back.

Look in the daily paper to see how many died and how many were arrested, man. Or don't bother. Grab your kid when he comes in late tonight and ask him how many got theirs.

He'll know.

END



"Why I've never had such luck Miss Raskin ... my two kings beat your four aces!"

NAKEDNESS: THE GREATEST SEX FEAR

(Continued from page 34)

book. "My Six Convicts," once noted this: While attached to a California army induction center during World War II, he viewed some 500 recruits daily. Some of the most "hale and hearty" boys, he observed, were shyest.

"Almost always," says the sociologist, Dr. Stencil Evans, "the man who is seriously disturbed about being naked among others—despite how appropriate it might be—feels this way because of some deep insecurity within himself."

There is, for instance, the case of a young man, who was always overly-suspicious of others. In college he became upset over showering with the whole class after "gym." Psychiatrists have found this usually is true of very suspicious people; when naked around others, they feel too "exposed," too helpless, too vulnerable.

The people who aren't ordinarily very suspicious but who still experience this deep disturbance about their own nakedness are, experts say, usually victims of some kind of anxiety. One Chicago doctor told me of such a man who was, of all things, a practicing nudist.

When naked with a group of starkly nude men and women, this man was quite comfortable. But when alone with one other naked person, he would literally go into a panic.

"The reason," this doctor told me, "was that in a group, no matter how naked they might be, he felt the situation to be relatively impersonal. But when just he and another person were naked together, he felt the whole matter had become highly sexualized, and this he couldn't stand."

This doctor added, as a matter of fact, that despite any "orgies" in which rumor may have them engaging, most nudists he's examined are much less interested in sex than is the average person. As for this particular man, the idea was so disturbing to him that he'd never had relations of any kind.

"He feared approaches," the doctor told me, "from both men and women. He feared them from women because of his doubts about his own ability to make any adjustment to them. He feared them from men because, deep down, he suspected himself to harbor real homosexual leanings."

It was only after the doctor had spent many hours conducting psychotherapy of the man that he be-

came capable of making a more adult adjustment—and freed himself of the fears that had been disturbing him.

Another doctor told me of a patient—a 35-year-old man, self-assured, successful, a frequent visitor to houses of prostitution—who would literally tremble with anxiety if he had to undress in front of members of his own sex. The man himself was completely baffled by it, since he had often been naked in front of more than one woman and hadn't minded this at all.

Here again an underlying homosexual trend was responsible. The man was by no means a sexual deviate, but there were faint homosexual stirrings within him, of which he was uncomfortably aware. (As a matter of fact, his extreme promiscuity was probably brought on by his need to continually reassure himself about his interest in women.)

After only a short course of psychotherapy, this man was able to strip in a locker room without any of his old fears disturbing him at all.

Most of the men who are beset by this same fear—who, for instance, won't join a golf club, because the dressing quarters make little provision for individual privacy—are at least subconsciously afraid of homosexual advances. Secretly, doctors say, they are not so much afraid of the advance, as they are of what their own response might be.

One man who completely baffles his friends is a lawyer who joins a nudist colony every winter. The members of this club have extensive grounds and, on sunny days, they'll ice skate and ski while completely naked. Although he's been on the verge of pneumonia several times as a result of this, the lawyer is convinced it's wonderful.

But in summer, he never goes near the place. Moreover, he overdresses to a marked degree as soon as the weather turns warm. If he weren't such a good lawyer, his friends would probably think him completely crazy.

Psychiatrists know that such people aren't insane, but are actually only possessed of strong "guilt feelings." As a result, they subconsciously wish to punish themselves by being as uncomfortable as possible.

His doctor, for instance, told me that the lawyer had been raised by parents so strict that they

punished him for even *wishing* he might go to a movies. It was no wonder that at the age of 16 he left home, so that he could lead a more normal life. But deep down, his parents' standards still stuck with him.

As a result, whenever he did anything which would have horrified them—even though the world at large wouldn't even frown on him for it—he felt that the only logical outcome was punishment. Subconsciously, he knew he wouldn't be at peace with himself until this was accomplished. Thus he felt better when he was physically uncomfortable.

He was an extreme case, of course—so much so that it took considerable psychiatric help to straighten him out—but his basic motivation was much the same as that of numerous others who will tend to dress in almost exactly the opposite way the season will require.

One of the most outstanding discoveries which psychiatrists have made about this whole matter is that numerous men who are unusually sensitive about their own nakedness will have an above-average interest in staring at the nude bodies of others.

Most "Peeping Toms," as a matter of fact, have an unusual aversion to undressing before others. The warden of one large eastern prison told me that he'd first noticed this in connection with the case of a young tourist-court janitor; he had drilled innumerable "peep holes" into the cabins at the place where he worked, then spent most of his idle hours watching the guests in the privacy of their rooms. Yet when told to strip for an examination as he was admitted to prison, he replied that they'd have to "slug" him to make him take off a single garment while others were in the same room.

Largely, psychiatrists say, this is caused by the fact that the Peeping Tom's thoughts as he watches another naked person are totally obscene. Probably he assumes that other people's reactions to the sight of a naked form will be the same; he naturally objects to anyone thinking those things about him.

What these Peeping Toms overlook, of course, is that to people who work continually around naked bodies, the sight of them becomes about as exciting as the vision of a row of tired old cabbages.

Authorities agree that to have normal modesty about nakedness is a fine thing. To be too sensitive about it, however, is usually a sure-fire indication of feelings of sexual inadequacy, or homosexual fears, or perhaps both. In this case, psychiatric help can often be of tremendous assistance. **END**

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I WAS FLOGGED BY RED SADISTS

(Continued from page 24)

white skin. The second lash was laid on a little more deftly than the first, and it cut into her back and large bosom. Now she was bleeding. The fair skin on her shoulders had reddened considerably, and when the third blow was delivered, the flesh grew a deeper crimson. The whipper scientifically played the thong on the upper portion of her body until it appeared no more stripes could be laid on without serious results. At 15 strokes he paused.

Her bonds had loosened because of her straining and pulling. They were made fast again as she choked and sobbed. Only 15 strokes had been delivered on her upper anatomy and 35 more remained. The men in the chamber, two of them seated at the table, showed no emotion.

Catching his breath, the whipper resumed the flagellation with undiminished vigor. As each stripe was brutally placed, the bound one cried out and twisted her body around, surging from side to side, pouring out a torrent of involuntary blasphemies. Her efforts to escape the whip were in vain; she tried to kick her assailant but he dodged her and rushed in with more swift lashes. Rhythmically and forcefully, the man wielded the whip. By this time the woman's body was now a bloody red. Galled, bruised and agonized, she still strained at her bonds, still fought the leather as it cut into her tortured person.

Before some blows she braced herself and put her muscles on guard. She planted her feet firmly, gritted her teeth and contracted her whole muscular system. But as the scourge kept falling and the number of lashes increased, her muscles began involuntarily to contract in spasms with the agony of writhing.

The whipping continued during which time the woman often yelled with the very anticipation of pain before she was struck. But at 33 the victim ceased her efforts and hung limply as the lashes stung her.

The executioner kept sweeping the whip around his neck and bringing the full force of his strength upon a gridiron of welts. The silence was broken only by the scourge as it hissed through the air and fell with a cutting, wiry sound upon the mark.

When 50 had been administered, she was cut down. She slumped in her tracks and lay there as if dead. Two of the men raised her

to her feet, wrapped a wet sheet over her and carried her upstairs. No one had spoken a word.

Now it was my turn.

I had watched the entire proceedings aghast. What was once a handsome woman had before my very eyes been beaten to a pulp. She had been sentenced to 50 stripes; my offense apparently being more severe, I was ordered the total of 50 lashes with the cat-o'-ninetails—a sum of 450 stripes on my unprotected body. My flesh quivered and my jaw trembled.

The whipper approached and bared the upper half of my body. He methodically tied a thick cord around my right wrist and raised my arm overhead while the loose end of the rope was made fast above. I offered no resistance. My other wrist was similarly tied and I stood there, both arms stretched upward and outward.

I was ready for the whip.

"Let us see the mark of good Italian muscle on his back," said Ragusa. I turned my head and offered some weeping entreaties and vows of contrition but to no avail. I saw him comb out the nine tails with his hand and take a running step toward me, raise his arm and whips at full length to the proper elevation and swing them down and around my body.

I was struck with a blow that sent electrical charges throughout my body; my shoulders tightened at the touch of the first stroke and I jumped as the nine long thongs of leather cut into me. Nine stripes of healthy appearance had been administered, and this was still the first blow. The next stroke came too soon. Several of the curled thongs had sliced into my chest and as I looked down I saw the blood oozing forth.

Two strokes—and already I had felt I was thoroughly whipped.

My body palpitated involuntarily and now I noticed that I had been crying aloud. I tugged at my bonds.

"My God! Oh my God!" I cried and leaped so as to displace or scatter the tails of the scourge. Now the third lash crashed up on me and I shrieked out in protest. I could not take any more. Would it please stop? I would do anything. My words went unheeded as the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th blows rained upon me.

I turned to fight my executioner with my feet. He ran around, unconcerned, passively taking aim at a vulnerable spot. Swoosh—and

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blow. This one caught me squarely across the shoulders and neck. I had not sought this frontal punishment, but it was of my own doing. Had I stayed firm, the whip would have played upon my back. But I could not stand still. With each stroke I danced about, shrieking, spitting, jumping and warding off my punisher with my legs.

Still he placed his blows on me as I hung there helplessly. At 25 the upper half of my body was burning. Long welts and deep cuts had been inflicted on my neck, shoulders, chest, diaphragm and belly. I could not see my back, but I could well imagine what it looked like, having seen what happened to my predecessor. I felt as if I had lived my entire life in pain.

My lungs were bursting for breath.

By now the blows did not seem so sharp as they had at first,

though the whipper had by no means diminished the force. Each stroke now seemed as if I had been whacked with a thick piece of wood. Pain was registered with each blow but it was a dull pain. I no longer felt the knots. Nor did I struggle. I remember vaguely someone declaring that number 40 had been dealt. Each blow of the cat drew more blood, each blow worked into old sores, and I bled freely.

I do not remember the whip as it whistled and sprayed on me. I was now insensitive to its punishment. My bonds overhead had held securely and I stood there calmly taking the lash as it was applied. When half a hundred of these brutal blows had been administered, I was freed and escorted to the rooms above. Someone completed my punishment by rubbing a saline solution into the wounds. I cried out at the sharpened pain

but I knew the salt would help heal my flesh.

I had been flogged—whipped severely—and now I was to suffer the wounds of this flogging in the many months to come. Ragusa reminded me again that I was to speak to no one of my treatment—this under pain of death to me.

Though I lost my job with the Communist Party, I was in mortal terror to make any report about the affair, lest the Communists bring retributions on my sick brother or my poor family. I was under treatment for three months before I fully recovered.

Today, living in the U.S. under an assumed name, I still bear the scars of my beating. These scars will be with me forever, for they are the symbols of Communist brutality which is marking a trail of blood across the pages of human civilization. END

I FOUGHT THE BLOOD MONSTERS

(Continued from page 15)

straight at the guide from a bare 10 feet away.

I saw the Toala's arms fly wide as if he begged the bull not to kill him. My gun was coming up, but I had no clear target. The guide was in the way. The bull plunged ahead. The man screamed, leaped aside. I saw the bull's head hit him on the edge of the hip with an awful crunch and send him slamming to earth.

I leaped to escape, crashing into the jungle. The anoa bull bored headlong into the bush. It swallowed him. I stood there trembling with excitement, my rifle ready. There was only the splintering of branches as the murderer went bounding a short distance away.

And there he stopped, lurking, waiting.

The Toala arose, unsteady, groaning, holding his left hip with both hands. That leg crumpled and he fell. There was no time to assist him now.

Motioning the agonized guide to lie low, I slithered into the brush. Before me a dense thicket loomed.

It was not hard to guess the renegade's plan: He was lying in wait there.

Carefully I circled the thicket. No trail emerged. I began to pick my way in from what I judged would be the least-expected angle. There was little light, it was like heavy dusk in the thick foliage. Thorns stabbed me. The damnable land leeches crawled, measured, bit their way over my legs.

With my knife I slit each one

I could reach. But the stream of them never ended. They were everywhere. Step by careful step I eased along, peering, listening, breath held, heart pounding loudly.

The thicket erupted. Behind me. Seemingly from where I had just come. The horn-pronged apparition, trailing blood, heaved up from three steps to my rear, and as I whirled he hit me.

I heard the explosion of my rifle, saw the fire lance out into the thicket's dusk. I heard the grunt knocked out of him as the bullet slammed home. And in almost the same instant, I was lifted and spun and ripped through the brush.

My left arm, which had been crooked into the rifle sling, felt as if it were being torn from my body. The anoa bull's right horn, barely missing my body, had caught the sling.

He dragged me, tossed me. My face was torn and ripped by brush; my head slammed a tree. A vine was jerked across my back with such force my vertebrae seemed to crack. Lights popped in my brain. The horn slipped loose. I sprawled. Numb.

I grasped for my rifle.

I couldn't find it.

In front of me, somewhere, I heard the bull go down in a heap. Not dead. I heard him snorting, pawing. He was trying to get up, to get back toward me.

The leeches were swarming over me. They pierced through the numbness enveloping me. They would suck me dry of blood. But

no, the bull was up. I heard him staggering and crashing—toward me. I could hear the blood bubbling in his nostrils.

My right hand kept clawing, outward, grasping for the rifle. My left arm wouldn't move. The whirling in my head settled and steadied. Sight began to return. Sharpener focus. The rifle. I could see the stock not six feet in front of me.

The bull came lurching on. He fell. His head raised, blood and saliva drooled from his nose. He got his forefeet under him. I crawled painfully, dragging my inert left arm. I crawled to meet him, determined now to get my hand on the gun.

My right palm fell upon the smooth stock. With all my strength, I gripped and pulled and jammed the stock back against my shoulder and the ground. One-handed, I raised it. The barrel wavered. And now he was on his feet.

His head came low. Those devilish little spikes of horns were aimed to spit me. He gathered his strength for the last great smash at me, and I knew almost for a certainty that I was too late. Then the gun bucked violently.

The slug caught him in the throat.

He settled back on his haunches. But still he refused to die. I got my legs under me now. I came up to a kneeling position. I swayed. I gripped the gun stock between my knees and tried to work the mechanism, to get a fresh load into the breech. The bull lurched drunk-

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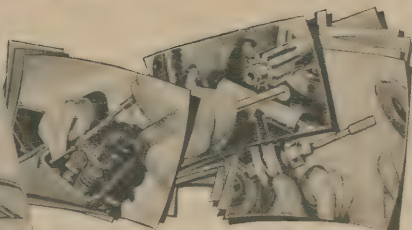


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only toward me—and fell dead.

For a long time I stayed there on my knees, leaning on the gun to prop myself up. Slowly my head cleared and the numbness in my left arm was replaced by pain. Blood was trickling down my face

now from where my head had hit the tree. My back still felt broken.

With my knife I sliced the leeches off me, taking infinite pleasure in seeing each one curl and drop. Finally I made my way back to where the Toala guide waited. He

was fighting the leeches and in agony with what later turned out to be a cracked hip.

It was only much later that we both realized we were the luckiest two men on the face of this earth.

END

LAST RIDE THROUGH THE GORGE OF DEATH

(Continued from page 25)

with soft sand. Car wheels keep digging down until they bury themselves to the axle. After that it's a man-sized job getting out.

The palms of my hands were wet and sticky on the steering wheel. I rubbed them dry on my pants legs one at a time. I was approaching the narrows and the sound kept growing all the time. It was raining harder now, too. The wipers zipped back and forth. Water had started running down the stream bed.

Wherever the canyon is wide enough, the road keeps to the higher ground, dipping down and crossing the stream bed only when necessary. As the road swung down, I pressed a little harder on the gas. Water beat up against the floorboards and shot out on either side like huge fans. I made the opposite side and traveled on for another 50 feet to where the canyon walls pressed in again. Here the road went right up the stream. Again water pounded the floorboards and sprayed out on both sides.

I shook my head a little, knowing the car couldn't take much of that without the ignition system getting wet.

I rounded a sharp bend and the roaring sound suddenly swelled, striking me like something alive.

I stared at the wall of water—black, ugly, rolling water. Less than a hundred yards away, it spread out from one wall of the gorge to the other. It seemed as high as a house and came surging towards me like an express train.

Tearing the door open, I leaped out. My feet hit on a pile of rocks and I stumbled to my hands and knees. There was no chance to look around, no chance to plan.

Desperately I scrambled to my feet and raced toward the sandstone wall. Wind hit me, cold, moist wind being pushed out ahead of the flood waters.

I hit the wall of the gorge and tore at it with my hands and feet. Fortunately my shoes were rubber soled and the first 10 feet of the ledge sloped slightly. The rocks were cracked and crumbling, giving me enough hand and foot holds to reach a small niche about 10

feet up. This was as far as I could go, for from here the sandstone rose solid, too steep to climb.

I flattened myself against the ledge, clinging desperately to the wet sandstone while my lungs sucked for air. The rain was pouring down and the wind kept tearing at me, trying to rip me off my perch.

I heard the flood hit below me and felt the water sucking at my legs.

I twisted about in time to see the wall of water smash into the Ford. Like some small toy, the flood flung it backwards. Then the front end of the car lifted and it tumbled end over end. After the first roll it was completely covered with the black, boiling water.

The water was lapping at my legs. It was up to my knees now, trying to tear my feet from the tiny ledge.

Frantic, I looked around for some way to escape. But there was no way to go, except up; and it was impossible to go up. Impossible except. . .

A foot and a half above my upstretched hands a peg stuck out from the solid sandstone. When the telephone line had been run through the reef to Hanksville, the linemen hadn't used telephone poles. They couldn't. Instead they had driven iron pegs into the sandstone, cemented them in, then secured the insulators onto the pegs and strung their wires.

The wires were gone now, the telephone line no longer in use; but the pegs were still there.

But the one above my head might just as well have been a thousand miles away for all the good it seemed to do. A foot and a half! Just 18 inches! Given a good footing, I could have jumped it with half a try. But with my poor footing, and standing knee-deep in water, I didn't have a chance. What's more, one try is all that I would ever have. Once my feet left the tiny niche, they would never find it again beneath those rolling waters.

I forced myself to look away from the peg. There was no sense making my danger worse by trying the impossible.

Already my legs and back were aching from the strain and the cold. How long the flood waters would come pouring down the gorge, I didn't know. It might even be for days. All I knew for sure was that they were certainly getting one hell of a rain up on the Boulder Mountain. And at that moment we were getting a pretty good rain right there in Capitol Gorge.

The gorge itself is one of the more spectacular features of Capitol Reef National Monument in south-central Utah. Flash floods have torn out the gash known as Capitol Gorge. Much of the area is barren rock. It doesn't take much rain to make a flood since there is so little soil to soak up the water. It just runs off. Down through the washes and gullies it tears, ripping away the little soil and hurling itself into the Dirty Devil and finally the Colorado River.

Suddenly there was a movement under my foot. At first the rock seemed almost to drop ever so slightly, then it slowly twisted away from the ledge.

Almost sobbing I clung to the west sandstone and remembered the crumbling, broken sandstone that had enabled me to climb the ledge in the first place. Water was still racing around my legs, knee high. The movement of the rocks beneath my feet could mean only one thing—slowly they were being washed away, crumbling under me.

As the rock settled back, I twisted about wondering what chance I would have if the rock gave away entirely. A few shrubs grew in the cracks along the canyon wall. I might be able to grasp some of them and hang on.

Just then a movement in back of me caught my eye and I twisted about. A medium-sized cottonwood tree raced past, riding high on the flood.

A sickening fear twisted my stomach into knots as I suddenly realized what little chance I would have against flood waters like that.

The rocks under my feet moved again.

Almost frantically I twisted about, searching for some escape.

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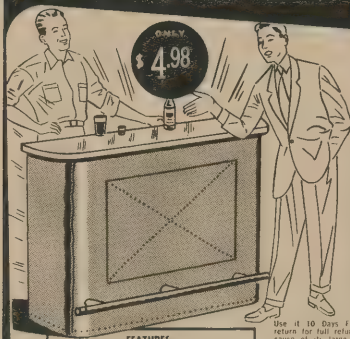
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I looked up the canyon, praying for another cottonwood, one that would swing close to my side of the canyon. If one did come close, I made up my mind to try for it. Once on top I might ride it out through the gorge. There the flood would spread itself out over the level land and I might have a chance.

I let out a yell when a huge cottonwood swung around the bend far up the gorge.

Slowly I tried to twist myself around so that I might make a leap for the tree. But even as I moved I felt the sickening lurch of the rock beneath me. I was sure I was gone. But once more the rock settled back, as though reluctant to leave.

I sucked in my breath. Every muscle in my body seemed to be aching now, my arms, my shoulders, my back, my legs. I wanted to scream and beat my fists against the sandstone. But I didn't. I just stood there, straining my muscles to keep from tumbling into the churning waters. From upstream the cottonwood moved down towards me. Actually it came at terrific speed, but to me it seemed to be hardly moving at all.

It came nearer, but it was swinging out, far out towards the opposite side of the gorge. I cursed it all the way past.

I looked again up the gorge.

The flood waters were free of trees.

My footing lurched again, more violently this time. I knew then that time was desperately short. And still I could find no possible means of escape.

The flood water was actually a few inches lower on my legs now, but that meant nothing. It was still raining hard. As long as it continued, the flood waters would stay up. Even after the rain stopped, it might take hours to drain off in the surrounding country.

I looked again at the peg sticking out from the stone wall above my head. Rain splattered in my face. I couldn't help cursing a little at the irony of it. There was safety—just 18 inches away.

If only . . .

Suddenly I looked down, but my body was pressed hard against the ledge. Slowly I moved my one hand down along the sandstone, my heart pounding inside me like a jackhammer.

My hand reached the heavy brass buckle of my wide leather belt. My fingers fumbled from the cold and the muscle strain as they slowly unbuckled the belt. Carefully I pulled it from around me and raised it up to my other hand. Carefully I buckled it into the first hole and worked the end of the belt back through the metal guard.

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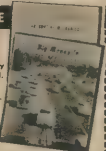
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Once again I looked up at the peg. Carefully I braced myself. With one hand I flung the belt outward, then upward.

Almost at the same instant the rock beneath me turned ever so slightly. The belt missed. It would have missed anyway for it went up all rounded out, and it would have to be almost flattened out to reach the peg.

Once again I braced myself. I took the belt and tried to crease it on opposite sides by pushing it against the rocks. It helped, but the belt still wouldn't lay out straight.

I tried another shot at the peg and missed. I tried another. And another. And another.

Then I tried creasing it again by laying against it with my whole body. The stone beneath my feet was moving almost continuously now. I knew it was only a matter of minutes before it would go.

I tried another dozen times and wanted to cry each time I failed.

Then I suddenly seemed to know that my time had run out. Maybe it was the way the rock was moving. Maybe it was something else. I don't know what it was, but I was sure I wouldn't have more than one more try.

I was missing the peg by only a couple inches. I bent my knees what little I could against the ledge, turning my legs sideways. I braced myself, tensed every muscle. Slowly I brought my arm back.

As I swung the belt, I leaped. It wasn't much of a leap—only a few inches, but they were enough.

The belt swung up and over the peg.

Even as it did the rock beneath me tumbled over and went down into the churning waters with a soft gurgling sound.

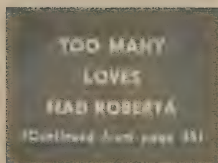
It was a good belt and a solid peg. Somehow I managed to get my leg up and through the belt and my hands on the peg. And there I waited for hours for the flood waters to recede. It was almost dark when I finally let go of the peg, then dropped back to the bottom of Capitol Gorge.

For hours I stumbled through the darkness, slithered and fell in the mud, crashed into boulders and downed trees before I reached the other end of Capitol Gorge. A half mile beyond I found a road camp. Here were a cook shack and a couple of tents where a half a dozen men were camped while repairing the road.

Two days later I was back in central Utah. No more short cuts for me! Next time I'll take the long way and get there quicker. **END**

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the blue purse. He recoiled instantly and turned away.

"Know anything about it?" Haus asked.

"Never saw it before."

"Didn't she have it last night? Or this morning?"

Jones finally nodded. "It was a present from another fellow."

"And you didn't like that," Haus said.

"I'm telling you all I know," Jones said, firmly. "We talked for a while and I said I guess I would be going, and she said she was scared and asked me to stay all night."

"Scared of what . . . whom?"

"The fellow who gave her the purse. He wanted her to marry him and leave Tulsa. She turned him down and he threatened her. She was afraid to stay alone."

"What's his name?" asked Haus.

"Where does he live?"

"She never told me," Jones said. He hesitated a bit and reddened.

Haus asked carefully, "Was something else said?"

"I asked her if she loved him," said Jones. "She said she'd never love anybody except John Whitacre, and she would stay in Tulsa and face the fact. That's all. I left at daylight."

A few more questions convinced the chief that Jones had nothing to gain and nothing to lose by Mrs. Whitacre's death. Advising him to keep himself available for further questioning, Haus dismissed him, and the detectives drove to the North Delaware residence of John Whitacre.

Whitacre was stunned by the news that his ex-wife had been found shot. He sat tensely silent a long moment, then raised his grim face. He told the officers Roberta lived alone at the Richmond street address and that he had seen little of her since their divorce.

Haus didn't feel that he was making any progress here, and returned to headquarters. Men at the coroner's office and a mortician were just concluding their examination of the body. The police physician had removed the bullet. "It's a .38," he informed Haus. "Bring me the gun and I'll tell you if it's the murder weapon," he said.



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"We'll start checking pawn shops, hardware stores and gun repair businesses, come morning," ordered Haus, and the death bullet was added to the only other clue in the case—the blue purse at headquarters.

They beat the shrubbery which surrounded the cottage and searched the house. No revolver turned up, which they thought the killer might have discarded. They were about to return to their car when they spotted two boys who had come up on bicycles and stopped on the sidewalk, watching them. Lang called the boys over.

The youths identified themselves as Jack Swanson and Glenn Babb. Babb lived two doors south of the Whitacre home. Swanson had been visiting him and they had been working on their bicycle when they had heard something like pistol shots and saw a car go down the street "kinda slow."

Lang's face lighted. "What kind of car?"

Babb said it was a black four door sedan. Swanson thought it was a Buick.

"Did you see who was driving?" Haus asked.

Both youths had caught a glimpse of the driver. He was middle-aged, with dark hair and balding.

At the same moment Detective Smith and Purdie were picking up the same description of a man who had purchased a dozen cartridges for a .38 revolver the morning of the murder in a hardware store at the corner of Admiral and Lewis.

"I never saw him before," the clerk said. "He wasn't tall, 5-6 maybe, and slim. He had black hair, thin on the forehead, and drove off in a black 1947 Buick."

He was asked to come to headquarters, where he joined Swanson and Babb in observing rogues gallery photos for possible suspects. But all further developments of this lead were discouraging.

"I'm convinced we can turn up this bird if we keep digging," Haus told his men.

But after twelve hours more of searching, they hadn't.

But another development was taking place in the communications section of the police department.

The afternoon of the day of the slaying, a resident named John Hair had called to report that he had loaned his car to a friend. The friend had kept it over nine hours now, had mentioned that he might leave Tulsa, and Hair was afraid he did not intend to return it. He asked that the car be placed on a pickup list, but had been told it would have to be missing for 36 hours before it could be picked

up since it had been borrowed with his knowledge.

The complaint desk had made a report of the matter, however, and filed it for future reference in event the car was not returned and Hair called back when the proper time had expired.

Hair had not called back, and a clerk clearing the file of pending matters noted the description of the automobile. It was a 1947 Buick. It was a four door sedan. It was black color. He pulled the report and turned it immediately to the detective bureau.

Haus called John Hair on the phone. Hair assured him there was no need for further worry. His friend had returned the machine.

The chief explained it was necessary to have the man's name and description to complete the disposition of the complaint, and Hair readily told him he was an employee of a bottling company on East Admiral boulevard named Jess Dodds. Haus then wrote down the description of Dodds while the other officers in the room looked on in astonishment — 41, 5-6, slender build, 130 pounds, black hair, balding in front.

Within a few minutes, Haus, Smith, Lang and Purdie were talking to Hair at his residence. Hair told them he had let Dodds have the car about 7:30 a.m., that he had come back about 10 o'clock, and left again, returning a second time shortly after noon.

"He was going out where he worked to pick up his check. He planned to leave Tulsa, and when he didn't show up by 3 o'clock, I thought he had taken my car and I called the police. He brought it back a few minutes later. I haven't seen him since."

The detectives checked at the bottling plant. Dodds had quit his job and picked up his pay the morning before. They checked at his apartment, but the landlady said he had paid his rent and checked out early that afternoon.

Haus ordered a general pickup order for Jess Dodds, and within the next few minutes the Tulsa police radio crackled steadily. Hair's address was covered in event he might return there, and officers throughout the city were alerted to watch for the suspect.

On belief that he had already left Tulsa, the state highway patrol carried the pick up in a state-wide broadcast, and even sent the alarm into adjoining states.

An hour later, state troopers got a tip on a man fitting Dodd's description on Highway 66 near Sapulpa, but by 9 p.m., he had been checked out by a unit at Bristow and released.

The payoff came shortly after

midnight. Detectives Smith and Purdie were patrolling the area near the scene of the slaying, and were just approaching the Whitacre home when they saw a man on the sidewalk.

Smith, at the wheel, had been relating an earlier experience where the killer in the case got so curious he had returned to the scene and was trapped by officers.

"Look at that fellow!" interrupted Purdie. "What's he walking so fast for? I'd swore he came out of the Whitacre driveway!"

Smith speeded up.

As they neared the man, he started to run down the alley. Smith stopped the car and the officers leaped out. Purdie circled to block his path. Smith came up from behind and grabbed him, but the man shook loose with a scowl, and handed the detective a .38 Colt's revolver.

"I'm not trying to make a break," he growled. "I just wanted to be sure I'd killed her. . . ."

At headquarters, he readily admitted he was Jess Dodds. "I wanted to be sure she was dead," he repeated. "I saw her fall. . . ." He clasped his hands over his eyes as though to close out the sight.

He said she had opened the door about half way and opened the screen. "She told me good morning and invited me in. I asked her if she was going to kill me, and she said, 'I don't know.' I told her I wanted her purse and she got it and gave it to me."

He identified the blue purse at headquarters as the one he had given her several weeks before.

"She usually kept a gun in the purse, but there was none in it, and I gave it back to her."

She had grabbed the purse and tried to close the door, and he had shot four times, three bullets going wild and one entering her body.

After the slaying he had checked into a downtown hotel under a fictitious name, slept part of the afternoon, made a round of several beer taverns, returned the borrowed car and went back to the hotel to sleep.

He had not left the hotel until shortly after midnight the next day, had not heard a radio or seen a newspaper, and had returned to the Whitacre home to see if he had actually killed her.

Dodds signed his confession. County Attorney Wheeler charged him with murder. On October 14, 1953, he pleaded guilty before District Judge W. Lee Johnson and was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor in the Oklahoma state penitentiary at McAlester.

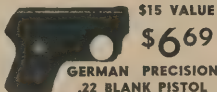
Note: The names "Adelaide Page" and "Earlie Jones" are fictitious.

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"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.



"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC, NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.



"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

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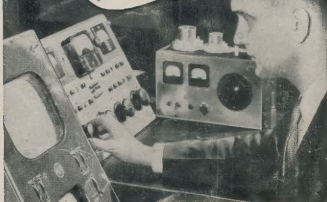


Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multiterm you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

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Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



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